

Wrapped around your finger

IT One shots - V

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Wrapped around your finger by jeongshook

Series: [IT One shots \[5\]](#)

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Genre: Jealous!Eddie, M/M, bev is a Good Friend and also a Badass so jot that down, oblivious!richie

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Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Urish

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Summary:

How the hell is Eddie not supposed to feel jealous, when Richie is going around chatting up every single female that will spare him a glance?

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for the tumblr prompt: Can you do a reddie fic where Richie is talking to a girl and realizes that Eddie is jealous?

(I sure can buddy watch me go kdskgj)

Wrapped around your finger

“There he fucking goes again,” is the first thing Eddie says to Beverly upon arriving at the fair. It's the second day of the week-long festival in Derry and Richie Tozier is already going around playing the man whore.

Eddie understands, he does. There are a lot of pretty girls that come to the fair from all around the state, so any guy who is interested in women would love the opportunity to sneak in a casual flirt or two – Richie obviously being one of them. Just these two days Eddie has seen him talk to more girls than he's seen Henry Bowers in a fight. And that's, well, that's a lot.

“A hello would've been nice,” Beverly smirks at him with knowing eyes, painfully aware of how bad Eddie feels.

It's not that Richie is not allowed to talk to girls, not at all. He should talk to as many girls as he wants, ask them on dates and win them stuffed animals at the booths littered all around the main street. Of course he should, if that's what makes him feel the thrill of a flirt. Eddie, though. Eddie knows very well Richie is allowed to do all those things; the guy is single, basically a walking ball of energy and sexual innuendos spill out of his mouth without a pause all day. He deserves to let some of his teenage frustration out with some giggly strangers who are more than willing to jump into conversation with the local flirt. Eddie would know – because if you care, yours truly is head-over-heels for his own best friend, aforementioned Richie Tozier. He would also be very happy to have Richie's attention on him like that, all playful and suggestive, not even hiding his intentions.

Not that he will ever have it; that he'd come to terms with. But seeing his crush flying from one pretty, long-haired girl to the other, never bothering to even glance at him, is pretty soul crushing. If it weren't for his friends, Eddie would've already went home.

“Sorry, Bev,” he apologizes, but Beverly just shrugs it off; she has an idea how shitty it must be for Eddie to see all of that. It's kind of an unspoken truth that Eddie is completely gone for Richie, but no one

has ever addressed it outside of Bev. That's basically how they bonded to be the closest of friends in the group – one summer afternoon they were left behind on a hike through the woods, the rest of the group way ahead of them. The conversation somehow steered towards the topic of crushes, and before Eddie knew he found himself confessing all his feelings towards Richie to Beverly. Even though the girl most likely already knew, as they all did (save for Richie, who was extremely clueless), actually admitting the fact out loud made it realer, somehow. Made him accept it a little more. Beverly also had a secret crush, it turned out, but her affection towards Ben obviously worked out better than it had for Eddie. The pair were going strong for almost half a year now. Eddie couldn't be happier for them, Ben and Beverly completed each other in ways he could only hope to have with someone one day.

And that's what brings them here. Eddie's mood is already at a low point to start with, but as they wait for their friends to arrive the girl starts getting a little too touchy-feely for Eddie's liking. Not that he has a say in it or anything, but now his mood is just downright awful. Richie seems to be having the time of his fucking life with some brunette (she's very pretty, another thing that annoys Eddie to no end) while he's over here on a bench, fuming over his man who is not actually his man.

The group slowly arrives and Richie also saunters over, clearly pleased with himself for having chatted up so many “hot chicks”, as he kept referring to them the day before. Why did Eddie have to fall for the straightest boy in his friend group, just why?

“Let's check out the rides,” Mike suggests when they've all gathered together. Eddie enthusiastically agrees – all his life he wasn't allowed to sit on anything that was bigger and more fun than a child's slide on the playground, but he secretly loved every adrenaline-inducing ride.

They settle on a moderately normal one for starters, just a standard roller coaster some meters off the ground. Since there's seven of them and the car can carry eight people for the ride, Richie spreads himself all over the two seats in the behind.

“Care to join me ova ‘ere Spaghetti Head?” he shouts to Eddie, his

awful British accent making everyone roll their eyes. “Quite comfortable, if you can be bothered – and the view! I do believe Stanley has a family of sparrows living in that hair of his, come bird watching!”

Stan turns back to him and flicks Richie on the forehead as hard as he can. “Beep beep, Richie.”

Later he will admit that he is being an immature little shit but Eddie just goes “Yeah? Why don't you get one of those, I don't know, twenty girls you've been chatting up today to sit with you?”

It comes out much snappier than he intended, which seems to be a pattern now. It's like he's losing control over his mouth, but really, what can he do when everything is so awful all the time? So instead of sitting down next to Richie he sits in the front with Mike. It's more exciting from there anyways, he thinks. The ride makes his heart race and his stomach all funny almost as much as Richie does.

When they get off Stan makes a beeline for the candy booth (“I’m feeling so weird now, my blood sugar dropped I swear!” “Come on Stanley, just admit you're a pussy when it comes to rides!” “Shut the fuck UP, Richie.”). Bill and Eddie go with him while Beverly, Mike and Ben wait with Richie on the side. Just as Eddie is walking back with an impressive chunk of honeycomb, his favorite, yet another girl saunters up to Richie. Ridiculous.

“Didn’t we meet yesterday?” she asks, her tone playful and, oh god, an actual honest-to-God British accent. How is Eddie supposed to compete with that?

Bev is now looking at him with a sympathetic expression, which honestly just makes him feel pathetic even though he appreciates all the support he gets from her. Richie is now engaging in some playful banter while Eddie draws his eyebrows together because what the fuck is this girl even doing here? This is literally the most unlikely place for some English chick to be in the entire world but here she is, talking to *his* Richie like it's National Flirt With Eddie's Crush Day.

By the time the others get back she has said her goodbyes, not only to Richie but to the entire group – which made Eddie roll his eyes in

annoyance – but he's sure there are more to come in the three days that are left of the fair.

“Cute one, isn't she?” Richie turns to them with a grin.

Eddie grits his teeth. “Yeah, just adorable,” he spits with so much hostility he surprises even himself. *You need to fucking check yourself*, he thinks, *because you're being fucking obvious*. Not that Richie would ever notice these things. Don't get him wrong, Richie *is* really smart. The boy is one of the top students in their year and he goes around blurting out facts and statistics all day, an endless pile of information flowing out of his mouth that never fails to amaze Eddie – but he wouldn't recognize romantic feelings if you shoved them up his ass.

“What's up with *you*?” Richie asks then, not really following (see explanation above). Ridiculous.

“*Nothing*” he snaps. “You know what, I just, I need to go home.”

He leaves the confused group behind, quickens his steps so he can get out of there as fast as possible. He just doesn't want to deal with this today, he decides and almost runs the way home. When he arrives he greets his mom downstairs, getting his act together just for so long that she won't be suspicious, before running up to his room where he breaks down.

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Back at the fair, Richie Tozier swears he's never been so confused in his life. “Got his period or what? Is this his mom's mood reflecting onto him because she didn't get laid?”

“Oh my God, Richie,” Beverly snaps, surprising everyone. “Are you seriously that blind?” She looks around for some agreement but the other boys are just as confused as Richie is.

“Jesus Christ,” Beverly scoffs. “Men.”

“Hey!” Ben chimes in but Bev is already going off on Richie.

“Eddie has been in love with you *forever*,” she exclaims to the foul-mouthed boy, ignoring her boyfriend's protests. “Are you telling me that you're seriously so dumb you never even had a suspicion, because I'm not buying it. He's been pining over you for *years*, Richie, *that's* what's up with him. You might not like him back but the least you can do is not go around chasing girls when you're supposed to hang out with him! And us, for that matter.”

You could pinpoint the moment Richie finally gets it, his face twisting into an expression that says *I fucked up, didn't I*.

“Fuck!” he sighs. “How am I supposed to know? God fucking dammit —”

Everyone is silent for a minute, brains trying to process and file the amount of new information that was thrown at them. “I'm gonna go after him,” Richie finally decides and takes off.

“Richie—”

“I don't think he wants to see you right now, dude,” Mike calls after him.

“I don't care!” Richie shouts back and breaks into a sprint.

“What the hell just happened,” Stan asks but doesn't really need an answer.

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“God it takes forever to convince your mom to let me in,” Richie steps, no, falls into Eddie's bedroom, startling the smaller boy.

“What the fuck!” Eddie exclaims. He is sitting on his bed with a book and a box of tissues; his eyes are red, shiny from all the crying. Richie is sure that if he were to look closely he could still see the tracks of

Eddie's tears on that cute, cute face. "What are you doing here?"

Frankly, Eddie doesn't understand. He takes in the state his friend is in – Richie is panting, trying to catch his breath, hair a mess like he was running. Why in the hell he would run to Eddie's house beats him.

"I wa—whew, I wanted to talk to you," comes the answer. "Can I sit down?"

"Of course," Eddie scoots over to the end of the bed so Richie has place to sit. He imagines how he must look in his sweatpants and oversized hoodie, the clothes swallowing him whole, his eyes puffy with tears, surrounded by used tissues. Why the fuck not, just what he needed for today as the cherry on top was for Richie to see him like this. What a sight he must be, really.

"Back there, were you..." *Was I what, you coward, say it.* "Were you jealous?"

Ding ding ding, the one million dollar question! Richie Tozier has finally got it, ladies and gentlemen! Stay tuned for after the break, where we find out if he needed help figuring it out!

Eddie doesn't answer but stops his inner monologue to really take Richie in; he actually looks guilty and somewhat confused, but God, does he look breathtaking. Eddie is so mad at himself that after all this time and after all the sadness and heartbreak he's went through, Richie Tozier still makes his knees weak and gives him butterflies in his stomach. He would still bend and break willingly at the snap of Richie's fingers and in that moment, he hates himself for it.

"Psh, no!" he scoffs. "Why would I- why would I be jealous?" He is stumbling over his words. He does that sometimes, when he's nervous because he speaks too fast and tends to ramble anyway, another thing he doesn't like.

"It's okay if you were, you know. I think I would be too."

"I just told you, I wasn't!" Eddie persists. He is lying but isn't it better than revealing your biggest secret? Isn't it? "...And what if I was. It's

none of your business.”

Richie chuckles. “It kind of is, Eds. I do flirt with a lot of girls—”

“Yeah, rub it in, why don’t you.” Did Richie come here just to laugh in his face about his crush? Eddie doesn’t know a Richie like that, that’s for sure.

“No, I mean, that’s all it is. Flirting.” Richie clarifies. “But if I knew how you felt about it I wouldn’t have... you know. I never thought I’d actually have a chance with you.”

“What do you mean a chance with me?” Eddie curses his heart when it instantly leaps out of his chest and oh, that’s Richie’s hand on his, okay. Don’t fucking freak out.

“I *do* like you, Eddie. I know it’s kind of hard to believe with how I’m normally acting, but I do. I’ve been kind of gone for you for a while now but I’ve never... I really didn’t know.”

“This better not be a fucking joke,” Eddie warns. “And I’m no secret. If you want to be with me then be with me, but don’t keep me in the dark. You want to be my actual fucking boyfriend or what?”

Richie coughs up a surprised laugh. “Aye mate, ‘tis a feisty one. It’d be me honor to bee ya boeyfrind.”

“Is that supposed to be a Scottish accent...?” Eddie gives him a flat stare.

“...Yes?”

“Well, it’s not,” Eddie tells him. He still seems weirdly proud of him butchering the accent, but hey, that’s Richie Tozier for you. “You better kiss me before I change my mind.”

And boy, does he.

Author's Note:

jealous Eddie is my shit because you KNOW he is
so that's the tea on that

the title is from 5SOS because that song is important
and is 100% a reddie song bye

comments keep my skin clear i love hearing what
yall think!!!

hmu on [tumblr](#) for prompts!